

SIROIS' WORKS

PHASE TWO

25¢

PRETENTIOUS
ASSHOLE...



THIS SHOULD'VE
BEEN OUR
BOOK!



WHADDA YA
THINK, YOU'RE
A NARTIST?



THAT'S A 'U'
IN THERE,
NOT AN 'E'!

HOW COME
THERE
AREN'T ANY
REAL
WOMEN IN
THIS?



YEAH!

WHY DON'T
YOU DO A
PORTRAIT OR
SOMETHIN'
INSTEAD OF
THESE DUMB
CARTOONS?



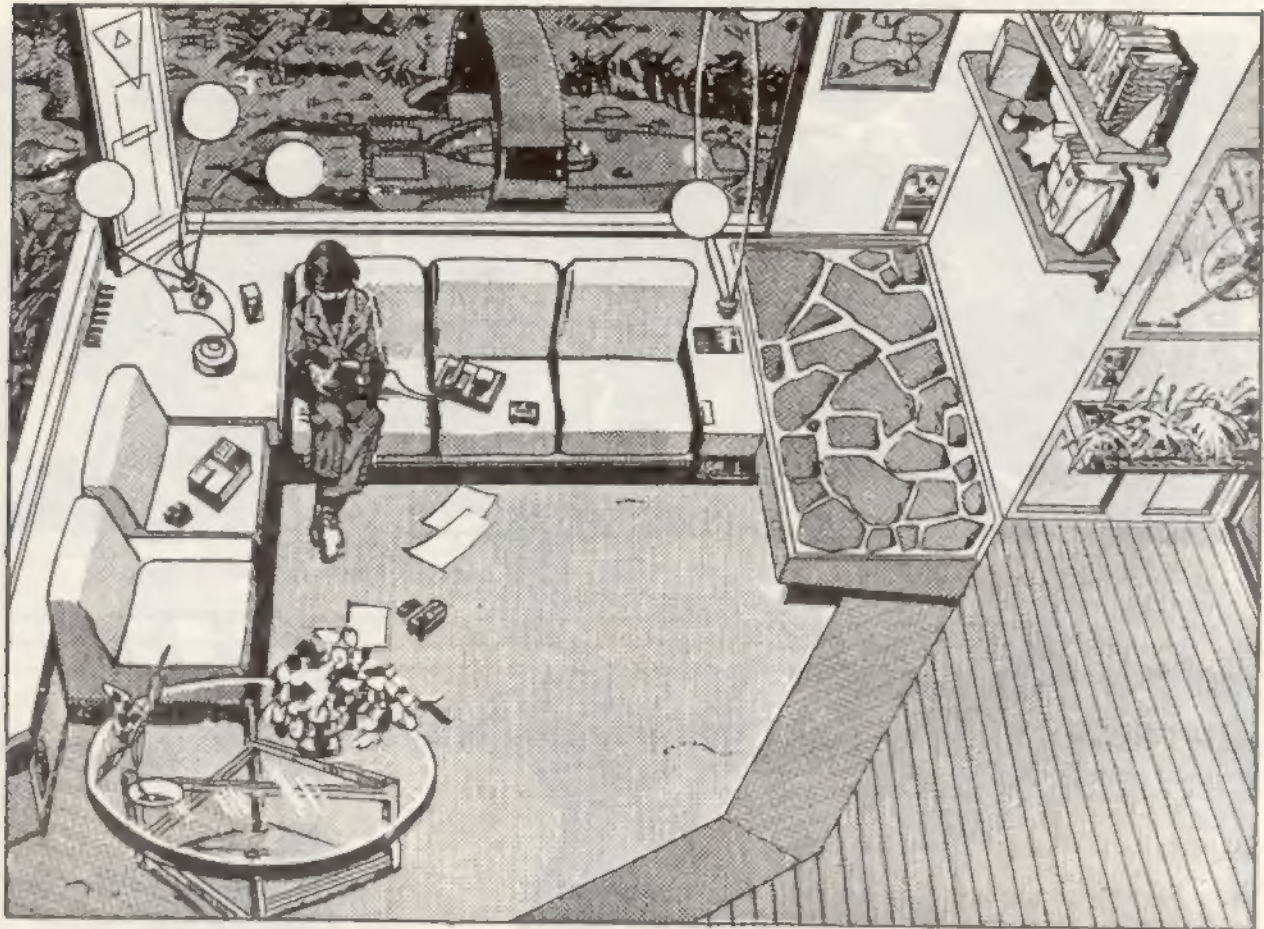


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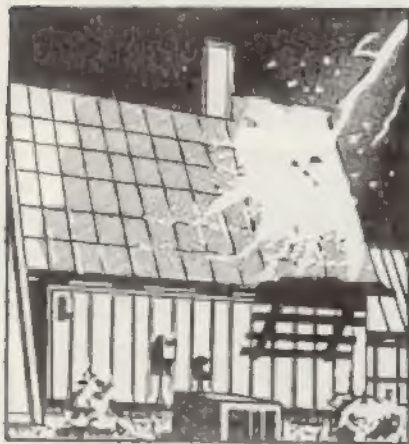
POWER SURGE

SCRIPT AND ART BY AL SIROLIS. LETTERING BY LINDA SIROLIS ©1979

IT'S A FALSE MEMORY CAUSED BY AN ACCIDENTAL INTERFACE BETWEEN MY MIND AND THE ASTRONOMY CHIPS IN MY SCHOLASTIC MEMEX. I WAS STUDYING DURING A STORM...



... WHEN LIGHTNING STRUCK THE SOLAR-POWER PANELS ON THE ROOF, CAUSING A POWER-SURGE!



THE MEMEX SHORT-CIRCUITED THROUGH MY BRAIN —



— CAUSING A SENSORY OVERLOAD THAT CATAPULTED MY CONSCIOUSNESS INTO THE ELECTRONIC MATRIX-MEMORY OF THE MEMEX.



AND I CAN'T GET BACK INTO MY BRAIN!



BY MERELY WILLING IT I CAN VISIT ANY ONE
OF THE THOUSANDS OF INHABITED WORLDS
ON FILE IN THE MEMEX

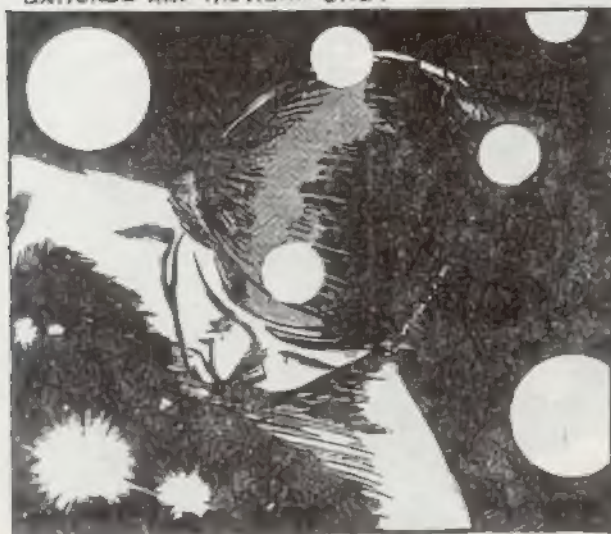
BUT NONE OF THE ALIEN INTELLIGENCES I
MEET CAN TELL ME HOW TO ESCAPE
FROM THIS ARTIFICIAL SPACE-TIME
CONTINUUM!



BUT IT ISN'T REALLY SO BAD HERE... AFTER ALL, I CAN DO ANYTHING I LIKE - BE WHO (OR WHAT)
-EVER I WANT - THE ULTIMATE WISH-FULFILLMENT TRIP...



ONLY ONE THING BOTHERS ME - HOW RADICAL IS
THE TIME DIFFERENTIAL BETWEEN THIS
UNIVERSE AND THE REAL ONE?

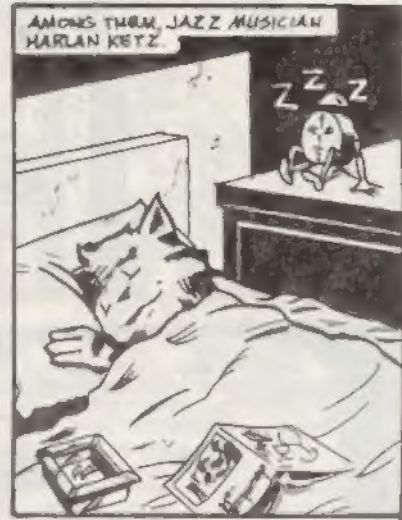




elasticat

YOUR BASIC
OBLIGATORY
"ORIGIN" EPISODE

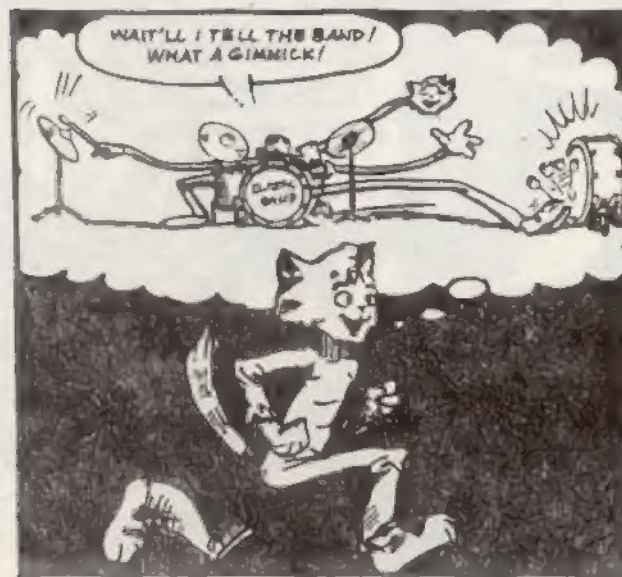
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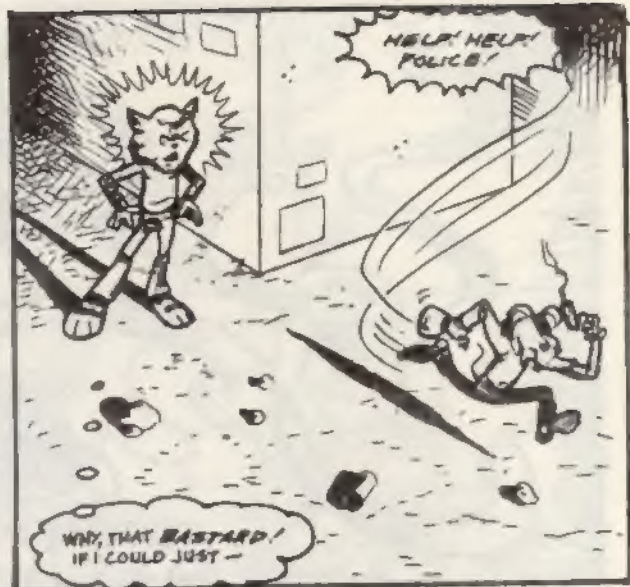












GETTING AWAY

© 1979 SIRDIS N 1

WE'RE LOW ON FUEL AND HAVE TO TAKE THIS SHORTCUT, BUT THE SPACE AROUND GLIMMERPIT IS DANGEROUS. IF WE'RE SPOTTED BY SPACEANGELS—

SILENCE, YOU DISMAL EYEBALL!

AAARRGH!!

A SPACEANGEL! WE'RE RUINED! IF IT TOUCHES THE SHIP, IT'LL BLOW OUT EVERY CIRCUIT WE HAVE!

THIS IS MOST EMBARRASSING... I THINK I'LL HAVE TO RIP YOUR TENTACLES OFF,

HEY SAILORS!



WE SPLINTS CAN'T MENTALLY CONTROL SPACEANGELS THE WAY WE DO WITH YOU MISERABLE CHOCKTIPITS. ALL WE CAN DO IS TRY TO OUTDISTANCE THAT FLAMING BALL OF SPACE-PHLEGM. THINK YOU CAN DO IT?

YESSIR YESSIR YESSIR.

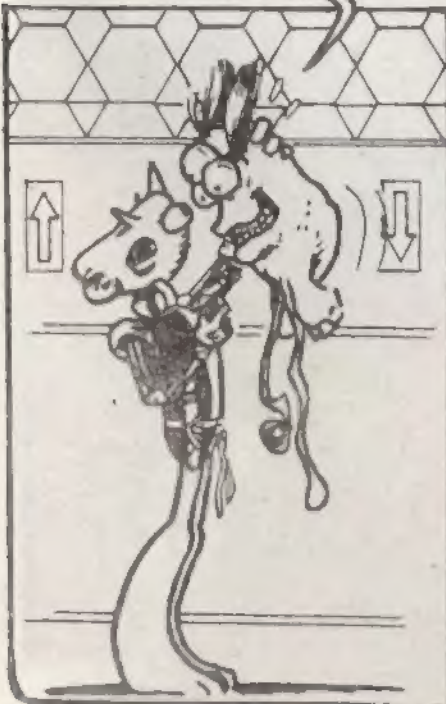
HERE GOES FULL EMERGENCY POWER!!

FAZZZZZ!

THAT DID IT! WE GOT AWAY!

UNFORTUNATELY, WE NOW HAVE NO FUEL AT ALL, AND WE SEEM TO BE ON A COLLISION COURSE WITH THE PLANETOID NOTE!

WHAT?! YOU ILL-FAVORED SLIME-MOLD!



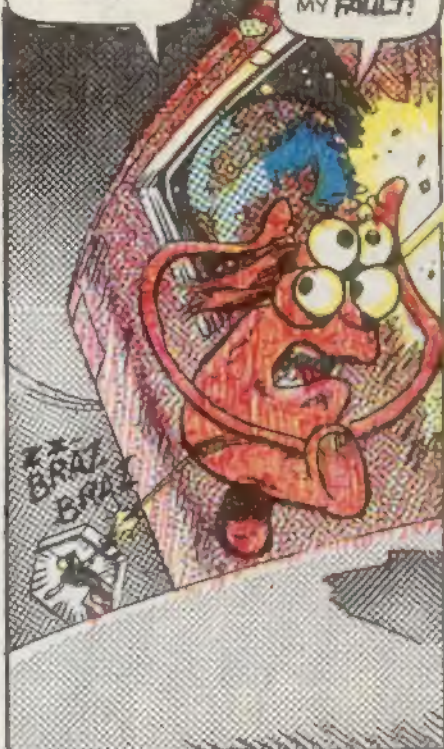
WHAT'S THIS — NOT ANOTHER
LANDING PARTY...?



WELL, **THIS** ONE ISN'T EVEN
GETTING TO MY SURFACE IF
I CAN HELP IT.

YOU **DEBRIS!**

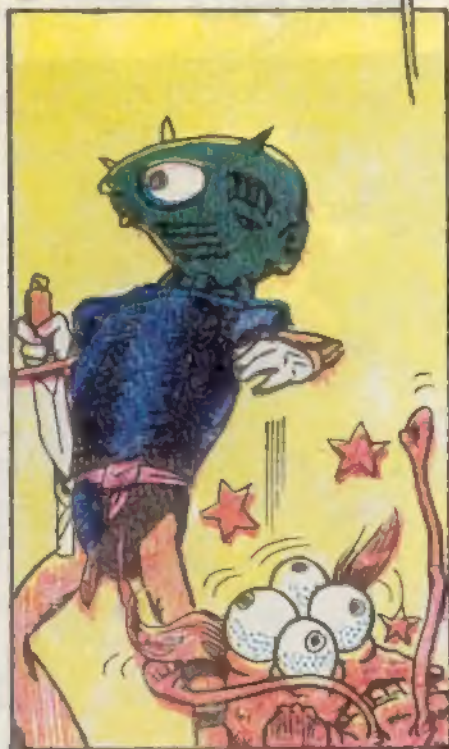
BUT IT'S NOT
MY **FAULT!**



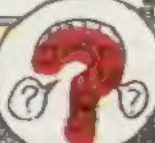
AHEM!

HUH?

OUCH!

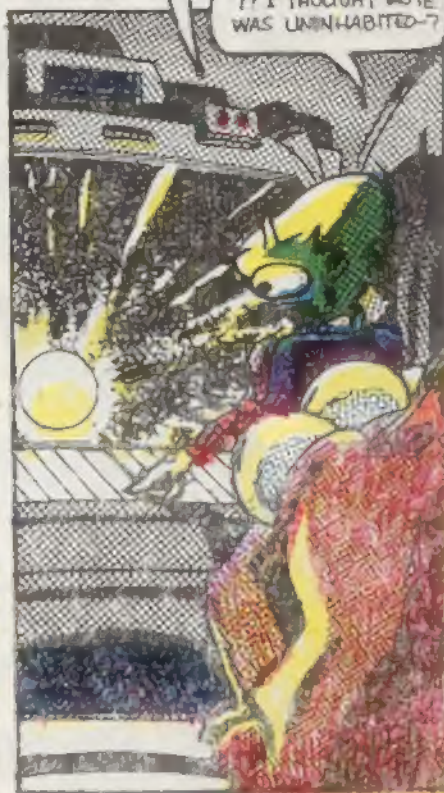


I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE
SELLING, BUT I DON'T WANT IT.



THAT PRESSOR BEAM FROM MOTE
HAS FLUNG US OUT INTO SPACE!
WE'RE **SAFE!** [BREAK OUT TH' RADIO
BEACON, TURNIP-BREATH.

?? I THOUGHT MOTE
WAS UNINHABITED-?



SIR—WE'RE PICKING UP AN E.O.S.
FROM A DISABLED SPLINTURN
TRANSPORT...

AH GO IN AS CLOSE
AS YOU DARE AND BLOW
THE BASTARD APART

